

192 [THE SOUL OF MAN.] *NOSCE
TEIPSUM!* [^{s*}[^]EuſJ]

*But to the Soul, time doth perfection
give I And adds fresh lustre to her
beauty still! And makes her in
eternal youth to live, Like her which
nectar to the gods doth fill!*

The more She lives, the more She feeds on
Truth !

The more She feeds, her Strength doth
more increase! And what is Strength, but
an effect of Youth ! Which if Time nurse,
how can it ever cease ?

But now these Epicures begin to smile,
objections And say, " My doctrine is more safe,
than true ! "
!ffff** And that « I fondly do myself beguile,
the'Ioui While these received opinions I
ensue,"

" For what! " they say, " doth not the Soul
wax old ! objection. How comes it, then,
that aged men do dote,
And that their brains grow sottish, dull,
and cold;
Which were in youth, the only spirits of
note ? "

" What! are not Souls within themselves
corrupted? How can there idiots then
by Nature be ? How is it that some wits
are interrupted, That now they dazzled
are? now clearly see ? "

These questions make a subtle argument
Answer. To such as think both Sense and
Reason one !

To whom, nor Agent, from the
Instrument;
Nor Power of Working, from the Work is
known!

But they that know that Wit can show no skill,
But when she things in Sense's glass
doth view ; Do know, if accident this
glass do spill, It *nothing* sees ! or sees
the *false* for *true* ?

For if that region of the tender brain,
Wherein th'inward sense of Phantasy
should sit, And th'outward senses'
gatherings should retain, By Nature,
or by chance become unfit.